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## THE <br> Jolly Farmers,

## OPERETTA

FOR
HIGH SCHOOLS, AMATEUR CLUBS, ETC.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

## N. B. SARGENT, <br> Author of Cantatas, "Voices of Nature." and " The Forest Jubilee Band."



## PREFACE.

The author has attempted only to give incidents in home-life in the country, drawing therefrom some moral lessons of practicai worth.

No attempt has been made to portray recklessness in adventure, but rather, cheerfulness in labor.

No sensational love scenes, but the pleasant scenes of a loving home and a peaceful neighborhood.

## SYNOPSIS.

## SCENE 1.

Country farm-house. Time, morning.
Mr. Happyway, stepping from the door, contemplates the glory of the morning.

## SCENE II.

Interior house.
Arinie, knocking at Johnnie's chamber door, sings the "Morning Call."
SCENE III.
Dining-room.
Family at breakfast.
SCENE IV.
Sitting-room. Time, evening.
The family, servants and neighbors gathered for a social evening.


## CHARACTERS.



Mr. Happyway.
Mr. Sam Pitcher
. 2nd Tenor. Mr. Mose Raykitt
ist Bass.
and Bass.

Members of the Household.

Mr. Happyway's Children.
Charley . . . . . Aged io. | Ella . . . . . . Aged 9. May

Aged 5.

Johnnie • • The fat chore boy. | Mr. Workwell . . . A neighbor.
Other Neighbors, Servants, Etc.

## INDEX.



## JOLLY FARMERS.

$\qquad$
INTRODUCTION.
Marcato.









Jolly farmers


## SCENE 1.

## SCENE I. Country farm-house. Time, morning.

Mr. Happrway (stepping from the door). A glorious morning! The sun has just come to wake up the sleeping world. Old earth breathes with new life; and her breath is fragrant with the perfume of young blossoms. She is putting on her fairest robes, and her glittering diamonds. The man who cannot be glad at such a time; whose heart is not full of gratitude and thanksgiving to IIim who hath made this world so fair; who does not find his heart swelling with love and adoration,must be a villain or he has the tooth-ache.

## (Enter neighbor Workwell.)

Mr. H. (pleasantly). Ah! good-morning, neigh'our Workwell!
Mr. W. Good-morning, Mr. Happyway! Glad to see you looking so cheerful this morning.
$\mathrm{Mr}_{\mathrm{r}}$ H. Why should I not be cheerful? What right has a man to be sorrowing here, When his path is smooth and his sky is clear?
What right has a man to go grumbling along
When the world is so full of love and songr? What right to be wearing forever a frown, When heaven is showering her blessings down?
Mr. W. None, none at all. Yet many do just those things.
Mr. II. Many think their way is rough when it is only their own false steps that make it seem so. Many think their sky is clouded when it is only a blur before their own eyes.
Mr. W. But you don't think a man can always be happy?
Mr. H. Not at all times. There are sorrows so heavy, so heart-wringing, that the strongest wills lie low in the dust for a time. But he that trusts in God and looks to Him for help, will rise above, and triumph over all. But the greater part of the unhappiness of this life is made up of worrying and fretting over little things, the annoyances of every-day life. Some one has said: "There are more that rust ont than wear out." There are still more that fret out. I have made one resolve, and I am bound to carry it out in my life if I can. It is this:-That I will not go through this life fretting about the ills I cannot avoid, nor go grumbling about my neighbor's faults any more than my own.
Mr. W. My whole heart is with you in that. And here's my hand in pledge. If we could live as neighbors a thousand years, I am sure we should live in peace and good will. But I came over this morning to tell you that I had found out at last your secret of success.

Mr. II. My secret! I did n't know that I had one. Une of the heaviest burdens a man can carry is a secret. They try sumetimes to ridicule woman by saying she cannot keep a secret. It is a blessed thing for her if she cannot. Men have too many. Some are loaded down so heavily, it seems to me, they might well cry with Woolsey: "'T is a burden too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven." And you say my secret of success? Why, man, there is none! He wins her, who is obedient to the laws of success. Common sense, industry, unrelenting resolve, and trust in God will always win success.
Mr. W. I know that is true; but still there seems to be a great difference in degree. Now my farm is as fertile as yours; I employ as many and as able men as you do ; we rise as early, and are up as late at night; work as hard through the day ;-yet in the spring your seeds are ahways in the ground first; in summer your hoeing and haying are always done first; and in autumn your crops are harvested first. And I have the secret of it now. Or if you object to that word, then I have the reason for your coming out ahead. I got it from Carlyle, who says: "Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music." And Ruskin says: "It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work." I believe it, too. You seem to take work as a pleasure, not as a burden. The first sounds that we hear from your house in the morning are musical. In the field we hear you and your men singing at work. At night we are often lulled to sleep by the soothing songs from your house. Henceforth we cry with Carlyle: "Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work." I am convinced that music hath charms not only to soothe the savage breast, but to comfort, cheer, and help the civilized man even in his daily work.
Mr. H. You are quite right. Music hath that power. I know it, not because great men have said so, but because I have found it so. Then, neighbor, let us welcome this glorious morning with a merry song. Let us keep a singing spirit, and a merry heart, and an easy conscience through the day; and our labors will be lighter; for burdens cannot be heavy to such a man. (Loud voice.) Come, all, and join the chorus.
(Enter all.)

## WELCOME THE DAWNING.



Chorus.
Welcome the dawn-ing, welcome the dawn-ing of this glo - rious morning; Whose


Welcome the dawn-ing, welcome the dawn-ing Of this glo - rious morning; Whose Tenor.


Welcome the dawn-ing, welcome the dawn-ing Of this glo - rious morning; Whose

rays so bright, whose rays so bright, Hide the stars of night. With

rays so bright, whose rays so bright, Hide the stars of night.

rays so bright, whose rays so bright, Hide the stars of night.



12
joy - furl heart We see the night de - part; With mar - ry
lay


With joy - fulheart, with joy - full heart We see the night de-


With joy - ful heart, with joy - full heart We see the night de -


With joy - full heart, with joy - full heart We see the night de -


JOLLY FARMERS.
[fac: part; With mer - ry lay, with mer - ry lay We hail the com-ing day.

part; With mer - ry lay, with mer - ry lay We hail the com-ing day.
 part; With. mer - ry lay, with mer - ry lay We hail the com-ing day.

part; With mer - rv lay, with mer - ry lay We hail the com-ing day.


Hail, hail, hail,
 $\underset{\text { Hail, }}{\vee} \underset{\text { hail, }}{\vee} \quad \underset{\text { hail, }}{v} \quad \underset{\text { hail, }}{\text { hail, }}$


JOLLY FARMERS.

14


Hail the com-ing day !
2


Hail the com-ing day!


Hail the com-ing day! $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { Thou wak-est to life the world be-low, Thou makest the grass and } \\ \text { Thy beau - ty fills the heav'ns above, Thou singest to mor-tals }\end{array}\right.$


Hail the com-ing day!


shadows hide from thee, And with thy bright and gold - en ray, Thou driv'st the gloom a -


> way. Morn - ing bright, morn - ing fair, Thou com'st in beau - ty rare.


[^0]16
Interlutae.


JOLIY FARMERS.


Out in the meadow rak-ing up the hay, O-ver in the pasture where the ber-ries grow,


Chorus.


Down in the val-ley where the singing waters flow. Merry, mer-ry, mer-ry goes the summer day,

jolly farmers.



 ) $\because=0$ :






Merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry


Merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry

goes the summer day, The summer day, the summer day.

goes the summer day, The summer day, the summer day.

goes the summer day, The summer day, the summer day.
9:
goes the summer day, The summer day, the summer day, merry goes the summer day.


JOLLY FARMERS


laugh and song to cheer, Mer-ry goes the summer day. The summer day, the summer day,

laugh and song to cheer, Mer-ry goes the summer day. The summer day, the summer day,

laugh and song to cheer, Mer-ry goes the summer day. The summer day, the summer day,

laugh and song to cheer, Mer-ry goes the summer day. The summer day, the summer day,


The summer day, the summer day,


Merry goes the summer day,


The summer day, the summer day,


summer days are jol-ly, Who can be melan-choly, When ev'ry-thing is fair, And there's

summer days are jol-ly, Who can be melan-choly, When ev'ry-thing is fair, And there 's值 summer days are jol-ly, Who can be melan-choly, When ev'-ry-thing is fair, And there's

summer days are jol-ly, Who can be melan-choly. When ev'ry-thing is fair, And there's


mu - sic ev.ery-where. Babbling brooks and murm'ring trees,Sing-ing birds and hum-ming bees,

music ev-ery-where. Babbling brooks and murm'ring trees, Sing-ing birds and hum-ming bees,

mu-sic ev-ery-where. Babbling brooks and murmuring trees, Sing-ing birds and hum-ming bees,

mu - sic ev-ery-where. Babbling brooks and murm'ring trees, Sing-ing birds and hum-ming bees,


Chirp-ing crickets, peep-ing frogs, Mewing cats and bark-ing dogs, Quack-ing ducks and cack-ling hens,


Quacking ducks and cackling hens,


Chirp-ing crickets, peep-ing frogs, Mewing cats and barking dogs, Quack-ing ducks and cark ling hens,
$\left.{ }^{6}\right):$
Quacking ducks and cackling hens,



Grunting pigs in little pens, Neighing horses grand and fine, And the modest lowing kine. Oh, the

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Grunting pigs in little pens, Neighing horses grand and fine, And the modest lowing kine. Oh, the (

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2
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Grunting pigs in little pens, Neighing horses grand and fine, And the modest lowing kine. Oh, the
(9)

Grunting pigs in little pens, Neighing horses grand and fine, And the modest lowing kine. Oh, the

summer days are fol - by, Who can be mel - an - chop - by? Oh,

summer days are fol - by, Who can be mel - an - chol - by? Oh,


26
Soprano Solo.


O-ver in the pasture where the berries grow, Down in the valley where the singing waters flow.


Men - ry, men - ry, mer-ry, goes the sum - mer day, Out in the meadow raking up the hay,


Men - ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, goes the sum-mer day, Out in the meadow raking up the hay,


Mer-ry, mar -. ry, men - ry, goes the sum - mer day, Out in the meadow raking up the hay,


Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, goes the sum-mer day. Out in the meadow raking up the ry,



O-ver in the pasture where the berries grow, Down in the valley where the singing waters flow.


O - ver in the pasture where the berrles grow, Down in the valley where the singing waters flow.


O-ver in the pastures where the berries grow, Down in the valley where the singing waters flow.


O - ver in the pastures where the berries grow, Down in the valley where the singing waters flow.


Merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry, (f)


Merry,merry,merry,merry,merry, merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,merry,

jOLLY PARMERS.




summer day, the summer day.

summer day, the summer day.

summer day, the summer day.

summer day, the summer day, Merry goes the summer day.

Mer-ry, mer-ry,mer-ry,mer-ry goes the summer day. Mer-ry, mer-ry,
Mer-ry,mer-ry,mer-ry,mer-ry goes the summer day. Mer-ry, mer-ry,

Mer-ry,mer-ry,mer-ry,mer-ry goes the summer day. Mer-ry, merry,

Mer-ry,mer-ry,mer-ry,mer-ry goes the summer day. Mer-ry, merry,



Mr. H. Now we'll have breakfast. Annie, will you wake up. John?
an ordinary thunder storm, is n't going to wake up for a little singing.

Annie. I should think that singing would Annie. All right! I'll wake him up you may wake him up.
Mr. H. Oh, no ! the boy that can sleep through a medium sized earthquake, or snore down
(Exeunt all. Curtain falls.)
Cororer

SCENE 11.
SCENE II, Interior house. Annie knocking at John's chamber door, sings " ${ }_{2}$. ${ }^{3}$ t Morning Call." THE MORNING CALL.

here.
A - wake!
a - wake!
a - wake!

must be up and to the field; Oh, ho, hum ! To dow - sy sleep no long - er yield.I'll Early to bed, and ear-ly to rise; Oh, ho, hum! Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.I've
I could sleep a lit - the more: Oh, ho, hum! This ear my rise ing grieves me sore.I I could sleep a

don my clothes, and off I'll start, And to the field with merry heart; I'll wake the grove with tried that some, but fail to see A single cent or new i - dee; In fact I don't feel hard - ly close my eyes in sleep, When up the stairs that maid doth creep, And at my chamber

joy - fut lay, And whis-tle gloom-y care a -way.
half so bright As when I sleep till broad day-light. door doth make, That
hate - fuel cry, "a-wake, a - wake!"


Јонм. Well, I guess I'll go and see what's going on in the dining-room. Wonder what they are going to have for breakfast ! I know what I hope. If they don't have anything else, I hope they 'll have pie. If there is anything I like, just adore, it is pie ; blueberry, blackberry, cranberry, raspberry,
gooseberry, strawberry, huckle-berry, any berry under the heavens.
When I go to college, the first thing I do, will be to join the Pi Eta society.
I never fell in love but once. My first, only, and only to be love is pie.
(Sings, "There is one thing that I do like.") PIE.




(Spoken.) Now I'll go for it. Oh, ho, hum!
(Exit.)


## SCENE III.

SCENE III. Dining-room. Family at breakfast. John enters and takes a seat at table.

All. Good-morning, John !
Mr. H. Are n't you a little behind?
John. Yes, but I can catch up.
Mr. H. Oh, no doubt about that!
Mrs. H. Well, to what can I help you?
John. I 'd like a piece of pie.
Mrs. H. (aside) That boy is a regular portable pastry closet; a patent, automatic, berry smasher. (aloud) But you don't want pie first, do you?
John. I'd like it first, last, and all the way between.
Mrs. H. Well, then, I'll cut you a piece if that is all you want.
Tohn. You needn't cut it, I can eat it all.
Mrs. H. No doubt. But perhaps some one else might like a small piece.
John. Oh, I forgot there was anybody else.
Mr. H. A very common mistake. In the great world as in the little, we are continually forgetting that there is anybody else. In the great struggle for gold, for fame, for wisdom, aye! for heaven itself, men are too apt to forget there is anybody else. In the grand rush for the best seats, we forget the weak and the lame. In our eager desire for luxury and ease, we forget the famishing and struggling poor. In our victories we forget the prisoners of war. We forget oh, we forget there is anybody ers-
Mr. R. I never knew, Mr. Happyway, that you could make such eloquent speeches as you have this morning. Why don't you run for some office and not spend all your life in hard work on the farm?
Mr. H. Well, there is just one reason why I do not. And that keeps a good many others back, too. It is a very good reason,
and were it not for that, I would try to run for representative this year. For, to tell the truth, I have some ambition to be a statesman.
Mr. R. But pray, what is your reason?
Mr. H. Why, simply this, I have nobody to vote for me.
Mr. R. Nobody to vote for you! nobody to vote for you! Why, man, hire them, hire them. Put out your money; give oyster suppers; shake hands with everybody; button-hole men on the street, pat them on the shoulder just before election; walk arm in arm with the lowly; let prohibition speeches come out of your mouth, and whiskey cock-tails go in ; smile, smile, smile on everybody. But don't think that in this speculative age you can get votes for noth. ing. I tell you, if you get office you must expect to pay for it. Men are elected now. adays by the two s's.
Mr. H. By the two s's! What do you mean by that?
Mr. R. Why, stamps and smiles. Both kinds of smiles too, the smile that plays around the mouth, and the one that runs into it.
Mr. H. Never, never will I go through that damning process for any or all the offices in the United States. I rather lie down to my final rest, wearied and worn out by hard toil, than worried out by vice. And v ven I enter that spirit land, I care not to hear the myriads cry, "here comes Senator H. from Massachusetts." I rather hear ringing through the courts of heaven, "Welcome, honest farmer." No, I'll not run for office, and it ever I get one it shall run for me. So I'll content myself to remain as long as I live one of the "Jolly Farmers."

JOLLY FARMER BOYS.

job - by farm - er boys, We love to work and we love to play, We are

job - by farm - er boys, We love to work and we love to play, We are


laugh and sing our care a - way. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Jolly from morn till night!

laugh and sing our care a-way. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Jolly from morn till night !

laugh and sing our care a-way. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Jolly from morn till night !

laugh and sing our care a-way. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Jolly from morn till night !



Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?

1. We
2. Our
3. We
4. We
5. Our
6. We
7. We
8. Our
9. We



Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?

$\square-\square$
Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?
S:


Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?

care not at all tho' we have but lit - tle wealth; We all have the rich - es of pock - ets are small, yet our hearts we know are large; Our clothes may be plain, but no act on the square, and we love our neigh-bor well; Ev-er read-y to share in his

sweet home joys. But we keep clean our hearts, and we have the best of health, And tail - or an-noys By re -mind - ing us oft - en of that one lit - tle charge; And cares or his joys. We stand by the truth and no gos- sip tales we tell, And


JOLLY FARMERS



We are jol-ly, jol-ly, jol-ly, jol-ly,


We are jol - ly, jol - ly, jol - ly, jol - ly,

jol - ly farm - er boys, We love to work and we love to play, We are $E \cdot a \cdot$ jol - ly farm - er boys, We love to work and we love to play, We are
 jol - ly farm - er boys, We love to work and we love to play, We are
 jol - ly farm - er boys, We love to work and we love to play, We are


job - by, job - by, job - by, job - by, job - by farm - er boys. We

job - by, job - by, job - by, job - by, job - by farm - er boys. We
6):

- $-\quad-\quad$ -

job - by, jol-ly, job - by, job - by, jol-ly farmer boys. We



laugh and sing our care a - way, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

laugh and sing our care a-way, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

laugh and sing our care a-way, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

laugh and sing our care a - way, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!


JOLLY FARMERS.


Jol - ly from morn till night! Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?


Jol - ly from morn till night! Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?


Jol - ly from morn till night! Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?


Jol-ly from morn till night! Why not be glad and free, While the world is bright?


Mr. R. So you say you will content yourself to be one of the Jolly Farmers?

Well, then, content yourself to be a poor man as long as you live.
Mr. H. No, I'll not. The unhappy are poor with millions. The contented are rich with poverty. Wealth does not consist alone in gold and land, fine houses and sparkling gems.

Character is worth more to a man than gold. A good name is the brightest jewel one can wear. And an honest face reflects more of the light of heaven than the many-faced diamond.

No, no, my friend, gold alone cannot make a man rich.

OH, THE DEPTHS OF THE RiCHES OF LOVE.


Quabtette.


Oh, the depth of the rich - es of love, The depth that we nev - er can 2nd Tenor.


Oh, the depth of the rich - es of love, The depth that we nev - er can 1 st Bass.


Oh, the depth of the rich - es of love, The depth that we nev - er can 2nd Bass.
-b-b
Oh, the depth of the rich - es of love, The depth that we nev-er can

see! Love, hon - or and truth and good-will, These, these are the rich-es for

see 1 Love, hon - or and truth and good-will, These, these are the rich-es for

see i Love, hon - or and truth and good-will, These, these are the rich-es for


Mr. H. (to the men.) Now we'll away to the field. Mrs. H. (to the women.) And we'll to the kitchen (Curtain.)
(Enter, before the curtain, Messrs. H., P., M. \& R., each carrying a hoc.)
TO THE FIELD.


Mr. H.
Mr. P.

I. To the field, to the field we go, Where the corn and the parmpkins
2. Way o - ver there you'll see Just a nice lit - tle shad - y
3. Now we 'll loi - ter no long-er by the way, For that corn must be hoed to-

grow, And the breezes so gen - tly blow, Thro' the live - long day we hoe. tree, And if an - y one calls for me, Un-der that you'llsure-ly be. day, So each one must do his part, Then shoulder your hoe and start.



We hoe, we hoe, Thro' the live-long day we hoe, we hoe, we 2nd Tenor.


We hoe, we hoe, Thro' the live-long day we hoe, we hoe, we 1 st Bans.


We hoe, we hoe, Thro' the live-long day we hoe, we hoe, we 2nd Bass.


We hoe, we hoe, Thro' the live-long day we hoe, we hoe, we

hoe. We hoe, we hoe, Thro' the live -long day we hoe, we hoe.

hoe. We hoe, we hoe, Thro' the live -long day we hoe, we hoe.

hoe. We hoe, we hoe, we hoe. Thro' the



(Exeunt gents. followed by Mrs. H. with broom, Miss Scrubber with mop, Miss Dustin with dust-pun and brush, Miss Baker with rolling-pin.)

## TO THE KITCHEN.




1. To the kitch - en we now must
2. I'll
3. No
4. neep where the dirt ise shad - y tree is


## 50


go, we go to the kitchen, the kitch-en, we go, we go,

go, we go to the kitchen, the kitch-en, we go, we go, To the
 go, we go,

(Enter Johnnie.)

## TO THE PASTURE.



To the pasture I've driven the
 real - ly can - not think. ' T ' is the hour for which I sigh, I rath - er think I


JOLI.Y FARMERS
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skill.
Lit - tle trout,pret - ty trout,Dart - ing round so sly.


Speckled skin, yel-low fin,Mind that lit - tle fly,
Mind that lit - tle fly. . .


A Voice from Behind the Curtain. Johnnie, wood! Bring some wood and water! Second Voice. Johnnie, potatoes! Be as quick as you can!
Johnnie. (Impatiently.) O, yes! Johnnie, wood! and Johnnie, water! and Johnnie, potatoes! I hear these words ringing in my ears so much that I forget my own name 1
I wrote a letter the other day to a friend of mine, a young lady, and closed it with, Yours truly. Johnnie Potatoes.
jolly farmerc

I got an answer this morning. All she wrote was, "Small potatoes."

I like brevity in anything except a banana or stick of candy ; but it seems to me that is rather brief brevity.

If she had said sweet potatoes, I could stand the brevity.
A Voice from Behind the Curtain. "Come, Johnnie, potatoes! Quick as you can!
Johnnie. I wish there was a hot potato in her mouth.

PUMP, PUMP, PUMP and CHOP, CHOP, CHOP.

 pump, pump,pump,and chop, chop,chop, Run hith-er and thither and yon, Now


John-nie do this, and Johnnie do that, Till I'm ter-ri-bly wea-ry and wan.

(Exit.)

## I'D RATHER DO ANYTHING.

(Enter Charlie and Ella on wagl to schoo!.)



JOLLY FARMERS.


Spoken impatiently.
After first stanza.
Charlie.
Ella.
go to that school where we can't have fun.


1. Study your lesson. 2. Stop your laughing 3. Sit up erect. 4. Face this way. After second stanza.
I. Stop that whispering. 2. Go to your seat.
2. Keep your feet still. 4. Put up that slate.

After third stanza.

1. Close that book 2. Step this way.
2. Speak up louder. 4. Louder I say.

(Curtain falls.)

## SCENE IV.

Mr. Happyway's sitting-room. The family, servants, and neighbors gathered for a som cial evening.
(When the curtain rises, all are applauding.)

First Speaker. Come, Pat, you must sing that again.
Several Voices. Yes, yes, we must have that again.
Pat. But I'll not sing it again anyway.
First Speaker. O, yes! encore, encore, you know.
Pat. I don't care for your anchors, anchors. I would n't sing it again for five-hundred anchors.

I went to a grand concert in the city, the other night. They said the biggest singer iver in Ameriky would sing.
First Speaker. Well, Pat, hów did he look and how did he sing?
Pat. Hould on till I tell ye.
He just strutted on the stage like a young rooster, and he began to bellow like a mad bull.

Then a little paycock of a Miss behind me, said to a dude of a chap at her side; "Are n't his low notes illegant!"
"Low notes," says I, "then may we niver hear his loud ones."

But he kept on growing madder and madder, till he roared like a hungry lion at the smell of mate."

And the lady behind said: "Oh, how grand his forte passages are !"
"Forty passages," says I, "then the Divil take the other thirty nine, for we don't want them."

Then he took up a different style, and
everybody listened with eyes, ears, and mouth. His voice trembled as if he had the ague. And the little paycock said to the dude: "How much soul he does prtt into his singing."
"Sole," says I, "I should say he was the sole proprietor of the whole business."
First Speaker. How did the audience appreciate it?
Pat. Hould on till I tell ye! But you shoul, 1 have heard his last tone. It was shape, 1 jist like a beer barrel, small at both ends and big in the middle.

And the lady said: "What a perfectly artistic swell."
"You are right this time," says I, "He 's the most perfect swell I iver saw."

Then he began backing and bowing and scraping off the stage.

The audience began to clap hands, stamp feet, and whistle and scrame like mad men.

And what do you think that man did: He jist came right back and sang the same thing through again, and spiled everything that he didn't spile the first time, and that was n't much aither.

Then I said to myself, says I, "Mr. Mur phy," says I, "don't iver sing the same song to the same audience the same night twice." And I niver will, and that 's the end on 't.
First Speaker. Well, then, give us some. thing else, we don't care what, only sing.
Pat. All right! I 'll sing another, and a true one too.

## A SWATE LITTLE B'Y.



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[^2] Pat. Come, Mose, it is your turn.



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Chorus. (Male voices or mixed.)
Finst Tenor.


Nine-ty-nine, nine-ty-nine, Neith - er more or less.
Second Tenor.


Nine-ty-nine, nine-ty-nine,
Fhist Bass.


Nine-ty-nine, nine ty-nine,
Second Bass.


treas - ure rare, Nine-ty-nine, nine - ty - nine - cents.



Mr. H. We 've had the song for the "Swate Little B'y" and the song for the "Nine-ty-nine-cents," two precious things to be IOLLY FARMERS.
sure. But now let us have a rousing chorus for the "Dear Old Home."

## DEAR OLD HOME.



2nd Soprano and Alto.

bound. dwell. way.

bound.
dwell.

Light and hap - py, join the cho - rus; Raise the cheer - ful voice and

$9 \div-b-b$
Light and hap - py, join the cho - rus; Raise the cheer-ful voice and $\stackrel{l}{-2}$


- $\quad\left|\begin{array}{lll}8 & i & - \\ 1 & 1 & 0\end{array}\right|$

strong, Till this old roof trembles o'er us, With our mer - ry, mer - ry song.

strong, Till this old roof trembles o'er us, With our mer - ry, mer - ry song.


Mrs. H. Now little May, don't you think it is about time for the Dustman to come along?
May. O no, mamma! There is no dust in my
eyes yet. I'm not sleepy, but I can't wink so fast as I could th.s morning.
Mrs. H. I guess you had better say your prayer and shut up the little peepers for to-night.
(Little May kneels at her mother's side, and sings)

## NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.




Mr. H. "Now I lay me down to sleep" - A little child's prayer,but somehow it touches my heart more than the great and eloquent prayers, so called. "My soul to keep," "My soul to take." That's the whole of itlife and death.
"My soul to keep, my soul to take." My mother taught me that prayer when I was a little child, and it is a sacred thing to me now, and never fails to touch my heart and JOLLY FARME

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## GOOD-NIGHT.



And a world at her command, Si - lent, sinks to rest.

Birds that sang a mer - ry lay,
Cat - the in the field,



Good-night, good-night to av - 'ry one, Sweet dreams, sweet dreams to all.


Good-night,good-night to av - 'ry one, Sweet dreams, sweet dreams to all.

night, goodnight to eve - 'ry one, Sweet dreams, sweet dreams to all.


sweet dreams,
sweet dreams, Good-night,sweet dreams to all.

sweet dreams,
sweet dreams, Good-night,sweet dreams to all.

night,
good-night,
Good - night, sweet dreams to
all.
Good -


Sweet dreams,
sweet dreams, good-night sweet dreams to all.

night,
good-night,
good-night, sweet dreams to all.


JOLLY FARMERS.


Good-night to all,good-night to all, good-night to


Good-night to all,good-night to all, good-night

night,
Good-night to all, good-night to
all, good-night to

sweet dreams, Good-night to all,good-night to all, good-night to

all, Good-night to all, good-night to all, good-night, good-night.

N. Gombers
ant satmento
all, good-night,
good - night.

all, Good-night to all, good-night to all, good-night, good-night.


Jolly farmers.

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[^0]:    IOLLY FARMERS.

[^1]:    JOLLY FARMERS. (58)

[^2]:    Mr. P. Well done! You're a good b'y,
    Mr. Murphy. Now we want a Yankee song.

